





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Consortium of Church Libraries and Archives

<http://archive.org/details/hawailongago00puku>

HAWAII LONG AGO

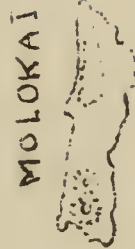
Mary Pukui

Caroline Curtis

KAMEHAMEHA SCHOOLS

Preparatory Department

7-1-1911



MAUI



HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

PELE CAME TO THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

Pele, goddess of the volcano, lived with her family in Far Kahiki. She made her older sister very angry. "Come," said Pele to her other sisters and brothers. "Let us leave the angry one. Let us sail the foaming sea. Let us build a new home."

After a long journey the family came to Kauai. Pele struck the island with her magic spade. Red-hot lava flowed out. The ocean boiled. Steam and smoke rose to the clouds. Pele loved the steam and smoke and red-hot lava. She went on digging. "Here is a safe home," she said.

But the angry sister saw the smoke and steam rising to the clouds. She followed. She fought with her brothers and sisters. They trampled the island. They shook the earth. The angry sister won the battle. "They are all dead! Pele is dead!" she shouted. And she went back to her home in Far Kahiki.

But Pele and her brothers and sisters were not dead. As soon as they were strong enough they went to Oahu. There Pele dug with her magic spade. The hole she dug filled with sea water. (Today we call it Salt Lake.) That was no home for Pele and her

family. So they went to Leahi (which we call Diamond Head). Here she dug a home, As she dug deeper and deeper, sea water rushed in. Steam rose. Pele led her family to Molokai and Maui.

At last they came to Haleakala. There, with her magic spade, she built a great home. For a long time Pele and her brothers and sisters lived there.

Then the angry sister saw the steam and smoke from far away. Again she followed. She and Pele fought a very bad battle. Pele lay dead and her lava bones were scattered over the mountain-side. "That is the end!" the sister shouted as she went away.

She went far away over the sea. Then she turned and looked back. Over the island of Hawaii she saw smoke. The smoke was red from lava below. The sister went sadly on her way. She knew, now, that she could not kill Pele. Pele had found a lasting home in Kilauea.

This is an old, old story. But we know there is truth in it. We know that our islands are really

the tops of volcanoes. We know that Kauai and the Waianae end of Oahu came first above the ocean. Then the Koolau volcano, Molekai and the West Maui Mountains. Later Haleakela. The island of Hawaii began to grow. It is growing a little every time lava flows from a volcano and turns into rock: .

OAHU WAS BORN

The Pacific was deep blue and still. Suddenly waves boiled and tumbled. The sea foamed. It made great swells. A huge fountain of water rose into the air. Dark clouds filled the sky. Dead fish floated in the sea.

Again there was a time of stillness and of blue rolling swells. Then boiling tumbling waves. The water turned red. There was a loud and awful sound.

At last, among the tumbling waves, something black appeared. Mud and rocks rose in a great fountain. Steam and smoke filled the air. Black clouds gathered. The clouds turned red as lava poured out below.

After many days the clouds cleared. Again the Pacific was blue and still in the sunshine. But among the waves was something black and solid. It was a little island of hot lava -- the top of a volcano.

Years went by. More lava flowed and the island grew. Clouds gathered about its top and rain fell. Water ran down the sides of the volcano. It washed little paths in the lava. Every day water

ran down these paths. They became deep ditches.

Many years went by. So much water ran in the ditches that they became deep and wide. They became little valleys which we call gulches. Some of the gulches became big valleys.

The water turned the lava into fine earth. It spread the earth over the floor of the valleys. It carried some of it into the sea.

Along the shore waves dashed. They turned the lava into sand. They carried some of it away into the sea. The battle was on between Pele, goddess of the volcano, and her angry sister of the sea. This was the battle of Oahu. This lava island was slowly growing into the Waianae.

For thousands of years the island grew. Another island appeared -- another volcano top. It became a long dome with great fingers of lava reaching to the sea. (We call it the Koolau Range now.) It joined the first volcano.

Along the coast little coral animals built their homes. They were beginning to make a coral reef.

Other islands were formed. They, too, were the tops of volcanoes. For thousands of years lava has

been making our islands.

Lava flowed and rain fell. Rain made ditches, gulches and valleys. It made fine earth, or soil. The waves made sand. The coral animals built reef. The islands began to look a little as they do now. But there was no living thing on them. There was nothing green. Just rock, soil, sand and water.

NOTE: Pratt, Metzger, Colum -(Gateways of the Day) and other sources contain Maui legends. The legend of Maui's fishing up the islands is interesting here.

A LEGEND

Long, long ago

There were two islands close together.

On the larger island a brother lived;

On the smaller a sister.

"It is not good that we live on two islands,"

The brother said.

"We love each other. Yet we live apart.

We are lonely.

Let us hook our islands together.

Let us make them one."

So they hooked the islands

As we sometimes hook our fingers.

The two islands became one.

Brother and sister were no longer lonely.

So the Waianae were hooked to the Koalaus.

Oahu became one.

LIFE CAME

Then life came! How did it come? No one is sure. Logs floated here from lands very far away. There may have been seeds in the logs. The seeds grew in the good soil of our islands. Birds may have dropped seeds. Hala fruit may have floated here driven by wind and waves.

In some such ways hundreds of kinds of plants came. They grew in the good soil of the gulches and valleys or along the shore. Lizard eggs came and lizards ran over the sunny rocks. Birds sang in the trees. Insects flew about. They crawled among the plants.

Again thousands of years passed. More seeds grew. Some parts of our islands had rich soil and much rain. There great trees grew. Vines climbed the trees. Ferns and flowers grew around their feet. And soft green mosses made a thick carpet over the ground. These were forests.

In the forest lived birds and insects, thousands of kinds of insects. And in the trees of the wet forest snails lived. These snails ate the tree leaves. Sometimes, at night, they crawled from one tree to another. Some people say that the snails

sing softly with a sound as sweet as that of a bird on a clear night. Scientists say that it is crickets, not snails, that sing. (These scientists are men who study snails and insects.)

Snails and plants and even many insects stayed in their own wet forest. They could not cross dry, bare ground to another wet forest. So we have plants and insects and snails which live in one valley of Oahu and nowhere else in all the world.

Some scientists collect snail shells. They try to get one shell of each kind. The shells have beautiful designs and colors. Each kind is different. It is like a little jewel. Their Hawaiian name is pupu-kani-oo. That means "the shell that sings".

HAWAII NEI

The streams and hills show the beauty of the
land --

The land of the Hawaiian people,
The beauty of forests and shores,
The sweet smell of sea weeds calls to them.

THE LEGEND OF THE KUKUI

Long ago
Before the sun god came to earth
The tree god came.
He sat upon the sand
Where the river meets the ocean.
He took the sand and made seeds.
He made little seeds and big seeds.
He made long seeds and round seeds.
When the seeds were dry he gathered them.
He walked about Hawaii nei and planted them.
He planted them by the shore.
He planted them by the streams.
He planted them far up the gulches.
Then he went away.

He came again and looked for plants.
The seeds had begun to grow!
Buds came. Leaves came --
Beautiful leaves
With all the colors of the rainbow.
Then they had died
Because the sun god had not come.
The tree god's heart was sad.
He searched and searched

But all his plants were dead.
At last, far up a gulch,
He found some little trees.
They grow on the steep slopes.
They were covered with leaves.
The leaves were silver like moonlight on
still waters.
No sun had shone
But the silvery moon had given life to the
kukui.
The tree god's heart was glad.
And ever since the kukui wears its silver
leaves.

To men it gives:
Healing when they are sick,
Dye for their nets and kapas
And light for the dark night.

HOW THE GODS MADE PEOPLE (A Legend)

The great gods came to Hawaii nei. They surfed in the waves. . . . They rested on the beach. They climbed the gulches and drank from bubbling springs.

They saw fish playing in the sea. They saw birds swooping from the rocks. They saw lizards catching insects. "This earth is good," they said.

But one thing more was needed. Kane took his staff and drew the figure of a man. He drew it in the red earth of the mountain. It was a good figure. It looked like a god.

Kanaloa drew a figure too. The figures of two men lay side by side. "Change your figure into a living man," Kane said to his brother. But Kanaloa could not.

Ku and Lono had stood quiet, watching. Now Kane turned to them for help. "Will you say the word that I say?" he asked.

"Live!" said Kane.

"Live!" answered Ku and Lono.

Slowly Kane's figure woke to life. But Kanaloa's was only a figure of rock. It was seen for many years -- a stone picture, on the mountain above Mokapu.

The gods made a grass house for the man. Then they went back to their home above the clouds. The man was left alone.

He drank from the springs. He ate shell fish and roots. He surfed in the waves. His only companion was his shadow. It ran and played with him. When he rested on the beach it lay beside him. But it did not talk and laugh with him.

One day the man woke from a deep sleep. A beautiful woman stood beside him on the sand. He thought she had grown from his shadow and he was glad. He named her Shadow-Turning-Heavenward.

PEOPLE CAME

No one knows, today, how people first came to Oahu. No one knows when they came. But we know they came from the "many islands" called Polynesia. The first coming may have been like this:

There was hunger in the land.

Children cried.

Mothers dug roots.

Fathers fished

But their canoes were empty.

A drum-beat called the people.

They came as the sunset

Turned the sea blood-red.

One man stood up.

"I beat the drum," he said.

"I called you here.

Let us not sit and starve.

Other islands lie not far away.

We shall find food.

Make ready the great canoes.

Bring roots and leaves.

Bring shell fish.

Bring water gourds.
Bring your best tools and mats and tapas.
In two days' time we sail.
Our god will lead us.
We shall find food.
When the hunger-time is gone
We shall return."

In two days' time they sailed.
They paddled the great canoes.
They lifted mat-like sails.
They steered for a near-by island.

But dark clouds came.
Wind rose.
Thunder roared.
Waves foamed.
Waves lashed the great canoes.
Men prayed to God for help.
They fought against the waves.
They fought to save the great canoes.
They fought to keep the double canoes
afloat.

We shall fill our gourds
With the water of life."

For many days they sailed.
Then, like a blue cloud on the sea,
They saw an island.
Men paddled with new strength.
The wind filled the sails.
The great canoes rushed toward the land.
The double canoes rushed over the reef.
The men jumped out.
They pulled the canoes onto the beach.

The leader cried,
"Our god is good.
I hear the song of water.
Water of life sings over stones."

They found a stream.
They drank and rested.
They ate good hala fruit.
They ate berries.
They found roots and leaves.
The sea was full of fish.

"This land is good," they said.

"Our god has brought us here.

We shall live here

Where the sea gives food,

Where food plants grow

Where the water of life flows ever."

TIME PASSED

These people lived in our islands for hundreds of years. They fished. They made new ways of fishing. They made hooks of stone and bone and strong cord for lines and nets.

They cut down big trees. They had only axes of stone, but they cut down trees. They made good canoes. These canoes could go from island to island. They could carry fishermen far from land.

These people made cloth of mamaki bark. They made bowls of wood and stone. They were good craftsmen.

They built grass houses near the sea. They built fishponds. They caught shell fish and gathered seaweed for food. They gathered roots and berries. They lived here for hundreds of years.

All this time the islands were changing. On the island of Hawaii lava flowed down the mountain sides. More coral reef was built.

Rain washed down the mountains. More gulches were made. Valleys grew. There was more and more good soil in the valleys.

Plants spread. These islands were a little greener. They were a good home. The people who lived here forgot that their great, great grand-

fathers had come from Far Kahiki.

They told a story of a man named Hawai i-loa.
They said he was the first to come to these islands.
He named one island for himself. He named one Oahu
for his daughter.

THE FOREST

I love the mountain forest,
The flowers sipped by the bird,
The voice of the [“]iiwi as it sings.
The upland is full of fragrance.
The kukui leaves rustle in the wind.
They shine in the light of the moon.

STRANGERS CAME

Then, one day, a strange thing happened. "Canoes!" someone shouted. The children ran to see. They ran among the houses shouting. "Canoes are coming!"

Everyone went to the beach. "They are not our canoes," they said. "Our men are at home. They have not gone fishing."

"These canoes are from Oahu or some other island."

The canoes came nearer still. Strong men paddled them. "See those big men!" someone shouted.

"They are not men! No men are so tall and strong. These are gods!"

"Run! Hide!" The shout spread among the people. Everyone was frightened. Some men ran up the trail toward the mountains. Some stopped to get a few things.

"Get the axe!" a man shouted to his son. "I will get the bowl of fish hooks and the net." His wife brought her kapa beater. The small boy carried a bowl of crabs he had caught that morning. They followed the others up the trail.

After a while they stopped to watch. The big

canoes were on the beach. Men, women and children were standing near. The people up the trail could not see them very plainly.

"There are many, many!" they said.

"Yes, there are ten and ten and ten. I cannot count the tens!"

"And they are big! They are far away and yet they look as big as great birds. They are gods."

A number of the strange men gathered together. They walked along the beach. "They are going into my house! I hate them!"

The people watched for a long time. They saw the strangers go into their houses. They saw them drink from their stream. They saw them build fires and cook food.

Then the watchers went away into the mountains.

They sent runners to their friends. They gathered many men. They went to the houses where the strangers were. They wanted to drive the new-comers away. But the big strange men came running. They shouted loudly. They had strong weapons. They were tall and fierce.

Some of those who had come from the mountains

were killed. Most ran back. "We will get more men," they said. "We will fight again."

They did. They fought many times. But always the big strong strangers won. They kept the good grass houses. They kept the canoes. They used the fishponds. They used all the things the others had not had time to take away.

The early-comers built homes in the mountains and forests. They fished in the streams. They dug roots and ate berries. They made new tools and bowls and kapas.

Often they watched the strangers. "They have tame birds," someone said. "I heard the song of one at sunrise. The song was loud for I heard it far up the trail."

"Sing the song for us."

The boy tried. "Cock-a-doodle-do!" he sang.

The people asked him to sing it again and again. "Cock-a-doodle-do!" They could all sing it now. "Tame birds," they said. "Why do they have tame birds?"

"To eat," said a man named Namaka. "They do not have to make snares to catch birds. These birds

live close to their houses. It is easy to get them for food.

"Tonight I shall get two of those tame birds. I shall go quietly and get them. Those strangers have taken my house. They have my canoes, my mats and bowls. It is fair that I take two of their birds."

THE STRANGERS BECAME FRIENDS

That night Namaka went down to his old home by the sea. He went very quietly. He was very close to his old home. He could see the big tame birds. They were on a tree limb sleeping with their heads under their wings. He saw them plainly against the starry sky. Quietly he came under the tree.

Suddenly there was a great noise. It was a strange noise such as Namaka had never heard. It came from every side. "Bow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow! Grrrrr!"

"Bad spirits!" thought Namaka. He turned to run up the trail.

Then he heard shouting. The big strange men were coming out of the houses. Namaka ran as fast as he could.

He tripped over a stone and fell. He tried to get up and go on. He could not get up. His leg was broken.

All about him were the strange animals. He could feel their breath. He could hear their growls. One said, "Bow-wow-wow," in his ear. The man was ready to die of fear.

The strange men found him. They shouted

strange words. It seemed as if they were talking in his language. Yet he could not understand. He thought they would kill him.

There was much shouting. Namaka thought the strangers were talking about how they should kill him.

But they did not kill him. They carried him to a house. Someone built a fire so that they could see. One man looked at the broken leg. He set the bone and bound the leg.

Next morning this man was kind to Namaka. He brought him water and food. He cooked a tame bird and fed the mountain man. That tame bird tasted very good.

The kind man was old. His hair was white and his face was wise. Namaka thought the others wanted to kill him. The kind man would not let them. He thought the kind man was a god.

At last the mountain man got well. He thanked the kind old man. They could talk a few words to each other now. Their languages were not very different.

Namaka told his friends about the kind old man. He showed them his leg. "It was broken," he said.

"Now it is as good as the other. The kind old man is a great and wise god.

"He has many tame birds. He calls them chickens. They are good food. He has little animals he calls dogs and pigs. They have four legs. The dogs make a loud, Bow-wow-wow!"

The people came from miles around to see Namaka. They listened to his story. "The strangers are not all bad," they said. "They have a kind and wise god. Let us make gifts for the god."

So everyone made gifts. There were mats, nets, bowls and many other things. One night Namaka led others to the village by the sea. The dogs knew him. He petted them and they did not bark.

In the morning the white-haired kahuna found the gifts. He knew they were from the mountain man. He knew they were thanking him for curing the broken leg.

This sort of thing happened in all our islands. At first the early-comers hated the strangers.

The strangers laughed at the early-comers. They called them "Little Men". "The Little Men are knee-high!" they said. "They cannot fight."

They called them Menehune. They drove them into the forests and mountains. Sometimes they killed them.

But here and there some were kind. The mountain men gave gifts to the kind ones. Sometimes many of the early-comers built a wall or a fish pond. They built these for the kind ones. They played unkind tricks on people who were unkind to them. x

Wonderful stories were told about the Menehune. People thought of them as fairies with magic power. But they were really only a little smaller than the strangers. And they were good craftsmen.

The second-comers were from the "many islands" of Polynesia. Their language was much like the language of the early-comers.

They brought chickens, dogs and pigs to Hawaii-nei. They planted taro and coconuts and wauke.

Many years went by. The early-comers and the second-comers became friends. They married each other. They forgot their fear and hatred. They became one people -- the Hawaiians.

- x Colum - Gateways of the Day: The Menehune
Metzger - Tales Told in Hawaii: several Menehune stories
Pratt - The Hawaiians: Laka's Canoe
 Ola's Ditch
 The Bundled Spring

For years they sailed in their double canoes. They went to Far Kahiki. That was their name for the far-away islands. For years they went to Far Kahiki and came again to Hawaii-nei. They told the stories of these voyages.

Then the voyages stopped. The Hawaiian people still built canoes. But they only sailed between our islands or on fishing trips. They forgot the way to Far Kahiki.

But the stories live. We still tell the story of Hawaii-loa. We still tell of other men of long ago who came from Far Kahiki.

COCONUTS

The coconut. leaves sway with the wind.
Among them are the coconuts, up so high.
One must climb if one would drink.

THE LEGEND OF THE WAUKE TREE

Long ago a farmer, Maikoha, lived with his two daughters. They lived beside the Nuuanu stream on Oahu. Above them the mountain tops wore cloud leis. The wind rushed down the valley. Rain blew about them as they worked.

Maikoha loved the clouds. He loved the wind and rain. He planted taro or gathered bananas. The rain wet his malo of leaves. In that day people had only leaves for clothes. But Maikoha worked on. He loved the wind and rain.

Then he grew old. He shivered in the rain. His malo of leaves was wet. His shoulder cape of leaves was dripping. The wind made him very cold.

He went into his house. He lay upon dry grass and leaves. He shivered. "I am cold," he said, "I am very cold."

He called his daughters. "I am very old," he said. I shall die. Bury my body close beside the stream. A tree will grow from the place where I am buried. Take its bark. Pound it and make kapa.

"Use the kapa to make clothes. Make bed covers from it so that people may be warm when they sleep. They may be warm when they are old or sick."

The father died and the daughters buried his body by the stream. Each day they worked. Each evening they stood beside the place where he was buried.

One evening they saw a small green plant. It grew from the burial place. "It is the tree our father promised," the daughters said.

The plant grew. Leaves came. Many days passed and the plant became a little tree. It had many spreading branches.

The daughters knew this tree was their father's gift. They called it wauke. They cut some branches and peeled off the bark. They soaked it in the stream and pounded it. . They made kapa..

Some branches of the wauke tree floated down the stream. Here and there they were caught on the banks. They rooted and grew. So they spread over Oahu. People carried them to other islands.

The daughters taught women to make kapa. The women of Hawaii made fine kapa,-- soft and strong. They never forgot Maikoha and his daughters.

If women were going to gather wauke bark they gave gifts of flowers, leaves and fruit to Maikoha. They prayed to him. Before they made their kapa they gave

gifts to the daughters. They prayed to them for help in making kapa that should be soft and strong and beautiful.

THE FEAST OF PI
(A Legend of the Menehune)

A chief on Kauai was making a taro patch. The patch was large. The work of building the wall was long and hard. Each day the chief and his men worked.

. Each night the men were paid. Fish, vegetable food and kapa -- those were the things which paid for the hard work.

But one man did not work. That was Pi. He spent his days in sleep. At night he did not carry home food or kapa.

The children of Pi came home crying. They came to their mother. "The other children have fish," they said. "Give us some."

But the mother had no fish.

Another night the children said, "We want new malos. We want new pa-us. The other children have them. Mother, give us some."

But the mother could not. She was very sad.

Pi came home. His wife spoke to him sadly. "Are you not ashamed?" she asked. "The other men work. They bring home fish, vegetable food and kapa. Your children cry for food. They cry for clothes. I have none to give them. All day you lie and sleep. Lazy man! Work, that your children may have life."

Now Pi was very lazy. But he was kind. He thought about his children. They were hungry. They wanted new malos and pa-us. They should have food and clothes!

Next morning Pi was up at daylight. He went to his taro patch far up the valley. Yes, the taro was ready. He dug it. He heated the imu. He cooked the taro. He pounded. Never, in all his life had Pi worked so hard.

He cut down a kukui tree. He dragged the tree to the lowland. He gathered ti leaves and made tiny bundles of poi. Each bundle of poi was wrapped in a bit of ti leaf.

The sun had set. The men had gone home from work. Pi dragged the kukui tree to the chief's taro patch.

For many days the chief and his men had worked on the wall. Still much was unfinished. There, by the unfinished wall, Pi placed the tree. He tied the little bundles of poi to its branches. They were like berries growing on the tree.

Darkness covered the land. Then Pi's friends came. The menchune. Many, many little workers came.

Some formed a line. One took a stone from the river. He passed it to the next. So it went from hand to hand. It was built into the wall.

Other menehune banked the wall with earth. They trampled it. The whole wall was finished.

Pi had been working too. He had been gathering shrimp in the river. The menehune do not like a big fish cut into many pieces. A whole shrimp for each one -- that is what they like. So they feasted on shrimp and poi.

The eastern sky grew yellow. Not a menehune was left near the taro patch. All were far away in the forest.

The chief and his men came to work. They stood staring at the wall. "It is finished!" one said to another. They could not believe their eyes.

They felt the wall. It was firm and strong.

"It is the work of the menehune," said the chief. "They work well and they work in one night. But why did they come? The menehune do not love me".

"Pi, " someone said.

"Yes, Pi is a friend to the menehune. He has helped them."

"See that kukui tree. And see the bits of ti leaf lying here. See the bits of shell. The menehune have worked for Pi and Pi has given them a feast."

The chief sent a man to Pi's house. Pi was asleep. But the man woke him. Yes, Pi said. He had asked the menehune to finish the chief's wall.

That day it was Pi's children who ate fresh fish and vegetable food. Pi's children were new malos and pa-us.

FISH FROM FAR KAHIKI
(A Legend)

When the second-comers reached Hawaii they found fish. But they longed for other kinds. There were fish they had caught in Far Kahiki. They liked them very much. They told their children of aku, opelu and other fish.

"You shall go to Far Kahiki," Moikeha said to his son. "You shall go to my father. You shall ask him to give you aku, opelu and other fish that swim in the ocean of Far Kahiki. Go! Take my aloha to my father."

So Kila, the son, traveled to Far Kahiki. He found his grandfather. "Aloha'." Kila said. "My father sends aloha."

"Your father?" said the old man. "Who is your father?"

"Moikeha."

The old man's eyes grew bright. "My son!" he said. "He lives in that far land, Hawaii. Tell me of him. Is he well? Has he food? Is he happy in that land?"

Then Kila answered in a chant:

"Moikeha is chief of Kauai.

He is happy in the sun that rises and sets;

Happy in the clouds that rest on the mountains;
Happy in the wind which sways the grasses,
The wind which bends the trees.
My father is happy in the sticky poi
With seaweed and shrimp from the ocean.
He is happy in breadfruit
Roasted in the imu;
In awa root from the mountains.
My father swims in the surf.
He is happy in the love of my mother.
He will live and die in Kauai."

The old man's eyes were bright. "That is a good chant," he said. "My son has much to make him happy. Is there anything he does not have? Is there any gift I can send him?"

"Yes," Kila answered. "He longs for fish. He longs for aku, opelu and other fish. These are the fish that swim near Far Kahiki. Send him some."

"It shall be so," the old man answered. "When you go home take those fish. You shall load them through the sea. They are my gift to Maikaha. My aloha goes with the gift."

So it was that fish came from Far Kahiki to Hawaii nei.

PRONOUNCING HAWAIIAN WORDS xx

a - ah
o - ay, as in May
sometimes short as in met
i - ee, as in see
sometimes short as in sit
o - long as in no
u - oo, as in moon

aku (a'ku) an ocean fish, also called bonito

aloha (a lo'ha) kind feelings; a greeting

awa (a'wa) a drink made from the root of the awa shrub

hala (ha'la) the pandanus tree; lauhala is made from
its leaves

Haleakala (Ha'lay a'ka la') volcano, Maui

Hawaii (Ha wa'ee'ee) an island; the name of this group

Hawaii-loa (Ha wa' ee'ee lo'a) in legend, the name of
the man who discovered
Hawaii

imu (ee'mu) a hole in the earth for cooking food

x Kahiki (Ka hee'kee) Far Kahiki meant any distant place

kahuna (ka'hu'na) one wise in some kind of work as a
kahuna who could make canoes; one who
could cure sickness

Kanaloa (Ka'na lo'a) one of the great gods

Kane (Ka'ne) one of the great gods

x kapa (ka'pa) bark cloth

Kauai (Ka'u a'ee) an island

Kila (Kee'la) person's name

Koolau (Ko'o la'u) mountain range, Oahu

Ku (Ku) one of the great gods

kukui (Ku'ku'ee) a tree

Loahi (Lay'a'hee) the crater now called Diamond Head

malo (ma'lo) loin cloth
 mamaki (ma'ma'kee) a plant from whose bark kapa was made
 Maui (Ma'u i) an island
 menehune (may na hu'ne) the little people of Hawaiian legends
 Mokapu (Mo ka'pu) a point, Oahu
 Molokai (Mo'lo ka'ee) an island
 Moikeha (Mo'ee kay'ha) an early voyager of the second-comers
 Namaka (Na ma'ka) person's name
 nei (ne i) this
 Nuuanu (Nu'u a'nu) valley, Oahu
 Oahu (O'a'hu) an island
 opelu (o pay'lu) fish; mackerel
 pa-u (pa'u) woman's dress or skirt
 Pele (Pe'le) goddess of the volcanoss
 Pi (Pee) person's name
 poi (po'ee) food made from taro
 pupu-kani-oe (pu'pu'ka'ni o'e) the shell that sings softly
 x tapa Society-Island form of word which Hawaiian call
 x taro Society-Island kapa form of word which Hawaiians call
 x ti Society-Island kalo; vegetable from which poi is made
 x ti Society-Island form of word which Hawaiians call ki
 Waianae (Wa'ee'a na'e) mountain range, Oahu
 Wauke (wa'u ko) plant from which kapa was made

x Polynesian languages are similar with certain regular differences. For example, where the Society-Islanders use "t", the Hawaiians use "k";

Tahiti	Kahiki	Since the "ti" and "taro" are common-
ti	ki	ly used, we have used them in this
tapa	kapa	book. "Kapa" is, however, commonly
taro	kalo	used for Hawaiian bark cloth.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT HAWAII

For children:

- x Curtis, C. - Keola - the story of a boy in old Hawaii.
- x Eskridge, R. L. - Umi - story of a high chief of Hawaii.
A book you would like your teacher to read aloud.
- Harrison, F. - Behold Hawaii - earth formation; volcanoes; especially about Hawaii.
- Metzger, B. - Tales told in Hawaii - Some of these legends are not Hawaiian. All are Polynesian.
- x Pratt, H. - The Hawaiians - a very good book of information, legends and verse.
- x Sperry, A. - One day with Manu. This is about Bora Bora. It is a Polynesian island, but not in the Hawaiian group.

For teachers:

- | | | |
|---|------------------|---|
| x | Bryan, E. H. | Ancient Hawaiian Life |
| | Bryan, W. A. | Natural history of Hawaii |
| x | Buck, P | Vikings of the sunrise - Dr. Buck is director of the Bishop Museum, outstanding world authority on Polynesia, delightful writer and speaker. This book is about Polynesia, not just Hawaii. |
| | Colum, P | Bright islands
Gateways of the day - Hawaiian legends retold for older children. To be read or told, in part, by teacher. |
| x | Handy and others | Ancient Hawaiian civilization. - Published by the Kamehameha Schools - excellent references. |
| | Kamakau, S. | Hawaiian history. - translations by Mrs. Pukui and M. Beckwith |

- of a series of articles appearing in a Hawaiian language newspaper in the 1800's. In ms. form in Bishop Museum library (off second balcony); the most colorful account of life in old Hawaii; for a teacher with interest and some leisure.
- Lawrence, M. Old time Hawaiians and their work
- Malo, D. Hawaiian antiquities - another source book by a Hawaiian writer; interesting account of Makahiki.
- x A. Parker, B. Highways and byways - a sixth grade reader. In it Miss Curtis has a section of stories (not legends) about Hawaii.
- Stearns An Island is born - geological history of Oahu

x In the library of Kamehameha Schools Preparatory Dept.



FOIIO
Pacific Islands

DU6245
.P8
c.2

61104

Pukui, Mary

Hawaii Long Ago

RALPH E. WOOLLEY LIBRARY

THE CHURCH COLLEGE OF HAWAII

LIBRARY BUREAU CAT. NO. 1175.3

J.F. SMITH LIBRARY SYL HAWAII



3 3300 00257 6861

